

all be deeply and lovingly interested in our work. We should, therefore, allow no false sense of modesty to hold us back, but should speak out from the very depths of our heart. Words thus spoken must reach some other heart, and we know not what work they may do.

It has been very encouraging to receive so many enthusiastic letters from the students on the subject of the Association and the Magazine; but our enthusiasm must not wear itself out in writing letters. It must be put to practical use, and it must be an enthusiasm which will live and grow.

I wish all members could see the letters written by our Vice-presidents. It ought to prove very inspiring to us to feel that we have the good-will and sympathy of so many friends.

Great things are expected of us — but the higher our aims the greater will be our achievements — therefore let us proudly accept the high standard given us and make it our aim to live up to it.

IMAGINARY FEARS.

“ PLEASE, nurse, don't shut the door, will you ? ”

This was the piteous and often repeated request of a little six-year old girl who, as the result of shock, had a nervous dread of being left in a room alone. She had one day by mistake, though partly out of curiosity, locked herself in a room and, in realising what she had done, was so overcome by terror that she was quite unable to undo the fastening.

Persuasion and entreaty were alike useless, and violent means had to be used to release her; and though this was done as quickly as possible by forcing a window, the imprisonment was long enough to produce a lasting impression: one of the evidences of which was the frequent recurrence of the above petition.

The question as to how to remove this fear without appearing to notice it, and without scolding or remonstrance, was an anxious one, and it was arranged that the child never should be left in a room with the door closed, either by day or night, though the subject was never openly mentioned before her, and care was always taken to encourage confidence.

For quite two years this treatment was more or less necessary, but it ended in complete success. The fear of darkness so common with children may be overcome by patient and gentle reasoning, especially if no wrong idea of punishment has ever been associated with it, and an instance of overcoming the fear of noise has already been given in our preliminary number.

But another, and perhaps less common, form of fear is one formerly shown by a little girl with whom I have had to do. It consisted of a nervous dread of sudden illness, or even of death, and was so real that, though naturally she was little inclined to cry, it would cause floods of tears and deep distress, chiefly at bed-time. No distinct cause could be traced, and there seemed nothing physically wrong to account for such an unnatural condition. For some time gentle reasoning seemed in vain; but watchfulness in never leaving her long alone and in diverting her thoughts by giving her, on going to bed, some amusing problem to solve — such as, “ If I were to give

you £2, what would you like to buy with it?" etc.,—seemed gradually to break the force of what threatened to become a serious habit.

Fear of ridicule by some gentlemen friends once brought a powerful influence to bear, inducing her one evening, of her own accord, to endure being left alone upstairs for a considerable time, and this conscious victory, followed by change of air and scene, did much to help a cure which we hope will prove permanent.

BABY SAYINGS.

THESE few instances of "Baby Talk" may interest some who are baby-lovers like myself.

A little girl (two years old), having heard *Little Arthur's History of England* read to her two brothers, was sitting on the floor one morning playing with her dolls. She was heard to remark: "Now, dollies, 'Once upon a time the Danes came to'——" (saying the name of the place she lived in).

On another occasion, when out in a boat for the first time, she seemed to think the bay was a big bath, for she said: "Mother, where is the tap?"

Once, while having breakfast, her mother said: "Look, Baby, at the horses enjoying their breakfast of grass." The child looked up and said: "Not grass—frame-food, I hope."

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING.

(Continued.)

APPARENTLY, everything that can be said upon this topic has been said already, judging by the amount of little text-books, guides to teachers, etc., that may be met with in every Church Extension sale room; and, certainly, as far as careful expounding of the Scripture and its moral application goes, there is enough literature extant to suffice for many generations of Sunday School comers. But of late years there has arisen among teachers a feeling of instability and

failure, which these books, little or big, wise or foolish, do not seem able to overcome.

There appears, too, to be practical reason for such a condition of mind. We will suppose that we have before us a class of ten children—a good average number—the ages of which range from 8 to 12 years. They are intelligent, but not clever or original; some perhaps, to increase the difficulty, are inclined to be flippant. The lesson is upon the miracle of the Feeding of the Five Thousand, a story well known to both teacher and pupil.

Now, there is no new way of telling an old story, and if there were, in this particular case, nothing could excel the beauty of the simple Bible narrative. It is a fact, however, that the children are already so familiar with it that it will fall quite unheeded upon their ears. If the teacher be specially gifted with voice and manner, she may retain their attention for a few moments, but it will be directed to her personally rather than to the words she says. She closes her Bible, and after a few questions, begins the usual moral application.

This story admits of more than one, and the sympathy and compassion which it teaches might be appreciated by even smaller children. In a class of ordinary town children, however, those especially who belong to the poorer classes, such a moral, however brightly and briefly it may be applied, will scarcely interest them in the least. They will listen as if they had heard it all before and were tired of it, and they will make no effort to attend. The teacher is putting forth her brightest and best, and the children, apparently, are dumb spectators of her struggles.

At the end of the lesson, when she calls upon them to help in the summing up, there are only one or two interested enough to help. Away they go out into the sunshine or the snow, whichever it be, and the lesson is gone—blown clean away by the winds with the hot schoolroom air.

Such lessons, no doubt, helped to make righteous men and women in the days gone by, but "times are changed." Though it has been found necessary to adopt different educational methods in the week-day school, the Sunday School goes on for ever on the beaten track.

Other lessons children teach themselves by practical illustrations prepared and introduced at the right time by the teacher; but the circumstances connected with Sunday teaching usually prohibit black-board work; and unless Bible illustrations are of the best, it is better not to use them at all. Therefore, we must be content to look elsewhere for a remedy. The imagination must be reached